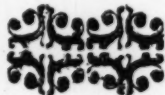


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THE
S P E E C H

OF THE
QUEEN of SLUTS.

At her Execntion at Tyburne, on *Wednesday*
February 25. 1662,

WITH
A true Relation of *Eleven* more that
were Executed the same time.



London, Printed in the year 1663:



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SPEECH
OF THE
QUEEN of SLUTS.

At Her Execution at Tyburne, on Wednesday
February 25. 1662,

WHen she came to the Gallows, and the Hangman came to put the Rope about her Neck, she stared upon him and about the Folks, and began to scold and rail in a strange manner, and after she had vented some of her anger against the Court at the Sessions, she proceeded.

I am brought hither to Dye, and carried in a Cart with Ropes about my Arms and Shoulders, as if I were the veriest *Rogue* and *Thief* in the World; and must be secured too, after I had been punished

in the *Locks*, and *Bridwell*, and *Bedlam*, and knew all manner of Drivers but this. I have not only something, but every thing to say at my death; that is, I am not guilty of these things charged, and I did not amisse to scold at the Judges, and venture my Quoise with them; and were my Hands as my Tongue at liberty, I would defend my self.

What do you mean to doe with me? are you in earnest to destroy a poor Woman? what have I done to be used thus? An ill Name is altogether Hanged! but sure you are in Jest. I never thought otherwise of my Condition till now; if you reckon sinnes of Custome and Education, and which every body is guilty of, it is a hard case, I know no reason for it; they tell me of *Whoring*, *Thieving*, *Pickpocketting*, *Receiuing*, and the like. I was proved to be the Arrantest and most Notorious Offender in *London*; and that my prodigious Birth of Seven Children, was the more monstrous Spawn of the Seven deadly sinns; but my accusers were not so much to blame, as the beard hearted and unconscionable Jury; What? Hang a Woman for Five Shillings, and this because the Bench said I had been so often before them, at least Thirty times; what great matter would it have been if they had let it be One and thirty times, then perhaps I might have been out for altogether; and now I am up, tyed up, I thought men would have more Mercy for Women; considering that when they Offend (they are the most brittle, and fraile, and easie to be tempted as *Eve* the first of our sex was, and I cannot be imagined to have so much strength as she. I say
when

when they transgresse, it is some more then ordinary malignant Starre that rules them, and yet generally saves them from the Gallows; such is the kind conclusion of their Influences. How many Women I pray ye are yearly saved by the pretence of their Bellies; and it's well known what a teeing Woman I have been, & yet my own Sex who are pitifull and tender Hearted for the most part, could not find in their hearts to take compassion on me, but lookt upon me as a Monster. Oh unfortunate Woman that I am: against whom all the World conspires, and what good will my death do it?

And therefore since the world takes no care for me, I'll take as little care for that; you would have me confesse, I will not pleasure the world so much as to tell them any thing; I say they are all cruel, and give Offenders all their deserts. I have known the time when I have done twenty times as much, and twenty more besides me, and then I could scape; but I am poor and forlorn, and the Times are quite of another disposition, then when Plundering and Thieving were all one; & the one favoured the other, as an Adopted younger Heir would be civil to the disinherited Elder Brother, and maintain him howsoever.

But if I had ever thought this, I would have sooner forsaken these courses, for I am surprized with this destiny, I would have desired those I now do curse. I have made several Corporations of Thieves, and had I lived, I might have been

been as overgrown a Sinner as *Mall Cutpurse*, who though she did enough of mischief, was rather honoured and preserved, then endeavoured to be ruined. And if I had had the Breeches for my humour, as she had for the Doublet, I had done the Feat and ranted it with the same aged impunity, and perhaps made another story of Eighty Eight, and been sung with the second part to *Tilbury Camp*.

To be Hanged for Three Shillings, is Martiall Damnable Law, for a Goose, Turkey, or Pigge, or such Countrey Rifle; had you taken me in a Plot, or fair design of stealing a Thousand pounds, I should be content, and you more justifiable; or if it had been my good hap to have straddled a Nag and by Padding come hither (as I see an acquaintance of mine here whom I encouraged to this business and trade of Life) and had every Limb of me broken (instead of a sprained Ankle) to point at the wickedness of all my members, and have so fitted me for my Death, with a greater acquittance; I would never have railed at the posts (which would have been imparked beyond the Circumference of this Southern enclosure of the Kings) if that would have served turn. I will carry this Three Shillings to my Grave in spite of the Law, and in spite of my accusers; and I have ordered a Pickpocket and Cutpurse of very great skill and Judgement, whom I have left Executor of this my Last Will, to cut so many Notches upon this three cornerd Tally, and to take an account of my Execution; and so here must hang the *Queen of Sluts*, upon the King of Tyrants;
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fruitfuller then my ominous womb ; for here are Eight at a Tyburne Birth. And so I must have done.

She disturbed neverthelesse all the other Sufferers, grumbling and quarrelling ; the *Poulterer* only that was condemned for Robbing the Coach, did very rationally proceed to the lesning and avoiding his Crime as but accidentally present with the two that dyed with him ; the other six spoke little, save that the *Blackamore* gave many signes of grief and penitence for the Murder of her Child in the *House of Office*.

These being Hanged, Mr. *Dillon* the *Irish* Gentleman that killed the *Smith* in *Long-Acre*, was tyed up by a Friend in a Silken Rope ; and with him the Hangman tyed up Mr. *Atkinson*, (who was reported to have broke his Leg (but it proved only a Sprain) with his Fellow that offered gallantly at his rescue and was taken himself, and there were Hanged together.

Much intercession was made for *Atkinson*, formerly a Voluntier (but never in pay) in the Life-guard, and of a very good Family in *Torkshire* ; the Parliament Members whereof petitioned the King, and engaged the Lord Chancellour and the Queen, but to no purpose, the King being resolved to grant neither Reprieve nor Pardon to either of these Offences.

There were in all Eleven Hanged, *Atkinson* and *Dillon* came thither in Coaches, and were brought back again after Execution to be buried; the *Tammy-Moor* Woman was carried to Chirurgeons Hall to be an Anatomy. This *Queen of Sluts* was buried in her Cloaths, the Hangman not designing to meddle with them; for the Cloaths she had at first were pulled to Rags and Pieces in her bringing to *Newgate*, whither she came stark Naked and all Dirty, and bemired in a wheelbarrow that her skin was scarce to be seen: There were two of the *Traitors* in the late Conspiracy and Plot condemned, but they are respied to a particular Execution. Thus Justice triumphs over the wickedness of offenders:

FINIS.

